

MAMMY JINNY'S JUBILEE

SHAKE YO' FEET



PENDER & SHEA

WORDS BY
L. WOLFE GILBERT
MUSIC BY
LEWIS F. MDIR

F. A. MILLS
125 WEST 38th ST.

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De M...

"Here Comes My Daddy Now"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

(Oh Pop-Oh Pop-Oh Pop)

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS.

Here comes my dad - dy now, (oh pop, oh pop, oh pop.)

(spoken)

Here comes my dad dy now, (oh pop, oh pop, oh pop.)

See that grip - in hand, It holds some - thing grand

That he brought for me From a - cross - the sea. ETC.

Here Comes My Daddy Now

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"Oh What A Night."

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR
and
MAURICE ABRAHAMS.

CHORUS.
Marcia. (Slowly.)

Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh what a night! Oh what a night!

Oh what a night! Thinking of it gives me de-light This night of mys-

-ter-y goes down in his - to-ry Oh, oh, oh, oh, Old pal of mine,

Left home at nine, Oh what a time. I love my wife but Oh, oh you kid,

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"I've Been Through The Mill"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

I've been through the mill, Bill, I've been through the mill.

I've seen all that there is to see I'll try an - y - thing

once, that's me. I've been through the mill, Bill,

I've met Jack and Jill. Say, I'm the mil - ler's daugh - ter, ETC.

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"In The Heart Of The Kentucky Hills."

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT.

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR.

CHORUS.

In the heart of those Ken - tuck - y Hills, With its

pret - ty lit - tle lakes and rills, All the time is lov - ing

time. In that blue grass sun - ny clime. I'd go

look - ing for my moun - tain dear, I did - n't hunt for her, my dear was ETC.

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"Mammy Jinny's Jubilee"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

Tempo di Marziale



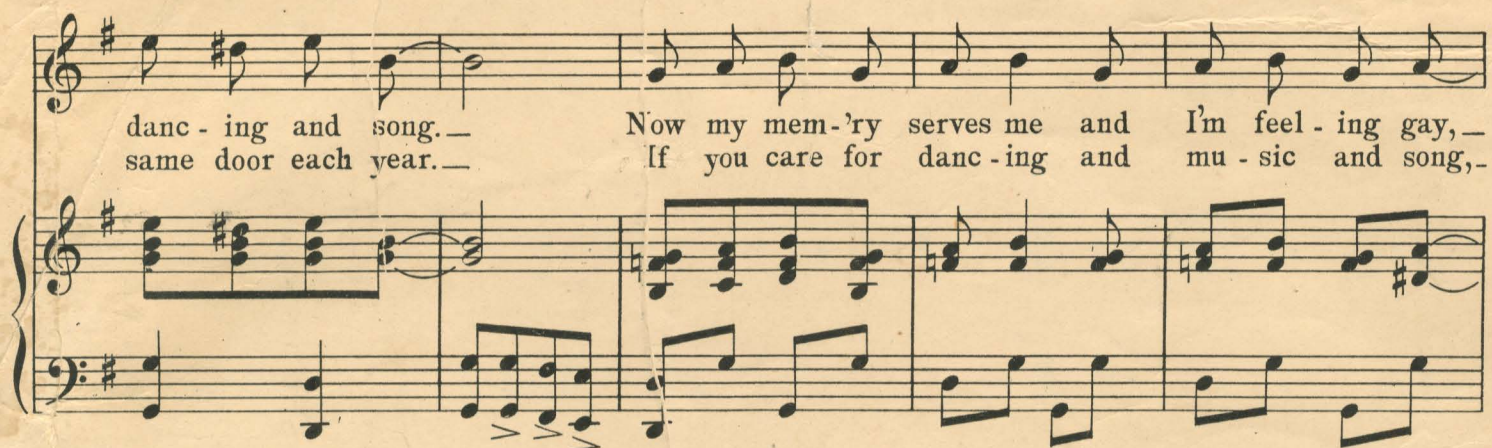
Tell me, broth-er tell me what's this all a - bout, -
Brand new red ban - dan - na, a - round Mammy's head, -

Till Voice

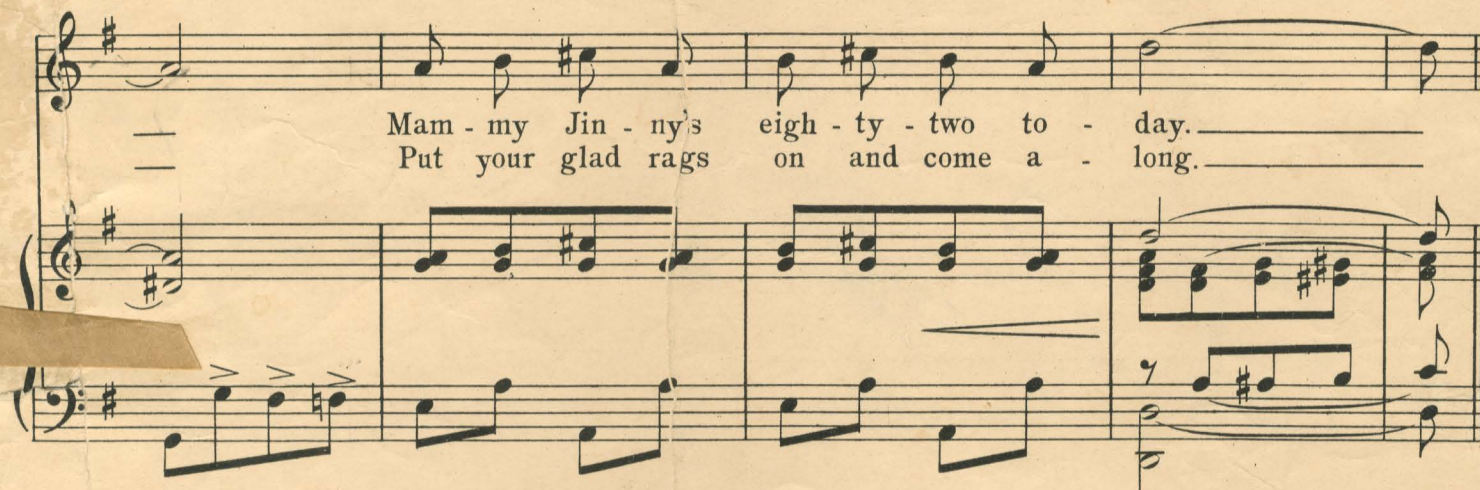
Ev - 'ry - bod - y's hap - py, what is that they shout? - Ole Mam - my Jin - ny's in town -
You couldn't miss the col - or, it sure - ly was red. - There she stood with a smile, -

— in a new ging - ham gown, - And all the bless - ed day long, - There's just been
— near the door all the while, - Re - ceiv - ing guests who ap - pear, - At the —

danc - ing and song. — Now my mem - 'ry serves me and I'm feel - ing gay, —
same door each year. — If you care for danc - ing and mu - sic and song, —



Mam - my Jin - ny's eigh - ty - two to - day. —
Put your glad rags on and come a - long. —



CHORUS

Come on and shake your feet, — oh hon - ey, shake your feet, —

f-p



This is Mam - my Jin - ny's Day, — Just see that



sweet birth day cake,— It took ten peo-ple to bake —

Hon-ey, count the can-dles, there's just eigh-ty - two — How'd you like to have one, some

day, baked for you?— Each time the door bell rings,— a present some one brings,— At

Mam-my Jin - ny's Jub - i - lee. — Come on and - lee. —

Mammy Jinny's etc, 3

"Mammy Jinny's Jubilee"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

Come on and shake your feet, oh hon-ey, shake your feet,

This is Mam-my Jin-nys Day, Just see that

sweet birth day cake, It took ten peo-ple to bake

Hon-ey, count the can-dles, re's just eigh-ty-two How'd you like to have one, some

ETC.

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Take Me To That Swanee Shore.

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS

Oh won't you take me to that Swa-nee shore,

so I can see old Mam-my dance once more, Old Black Joe,

Han-nah Show, There's DId-dy and Mam-my, there's EPl-ram and Sam-my

Ev-ry one there to have a ju-bi-lee, The boys just ar-rived up on the

ETC.

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"Little Rag Baby Doll"

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

CHORUS *Slower*

Lit-tle rag ba-by, lit-tle rag ba-by,

Tod-dle a-long, just learn to tod-dle a-long, Out of the cra-dle,

thro' with the cra-dle; Wad-dle a-long, oh ba-by wad-dle a-long,

Made of old saw-dust, made of old rags Dress-es and tress-es

ETC.

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He Wants Someone To Call Him Papa (She Wants Someone To Call Her Ma.)

Words by
L. WOLFE GILBERT

Music by
LEWIS F. MUIR

He wants some one to call him Pa pa

She wants some one to call her Ma, It takes a

child to lead them, And show them ev-ry joy, Its

one lit

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